

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER

Let the sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart, this toast I'll keep—
"The Independent Farmer!"
When first the rose in robe of green
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage porch is seen
The honey-suckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird clucks behind the plough,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
Yon orchard hides behind its boughs
The home he loves so dearly;
The grey old barn, whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than hoards of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch stands,
His wife, the lovely chamber,
The sweetest room on all his lands—
The Independent Farmer.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

"Are you willing he should go?"
"And why not?" answered the young
wife, enthusiastically. "I should despise
myself, Adele, if I were not willing to give
my husband to my country. France needs
all her sons in this extremity. I thank
God I have Henri to offer on her altar."

Her sister shrugged her shoulders.
"You always were romantic, my dear,"
she said. "For my part, if I had a hand-
some husband, a splendid estate in Nor-
mandy, a hotel in Paris, diamonds, cash-
meres, equipages, servants, as you have,
I should not be willing to risk them to
fight. Suppose Henri is killed. You will
be a widow, and, for a time at least, can
enjoy none of these things."

"O! Adele, how can you talk so? Has
not the good father Lacore been telling us
ever since we were children, that the curse
of modern times was its materialistic view
of life? That to eat, drink, and be merry,
seemed to be the whole purpose of exist-
ence? That luxury had corrupted national
virtue? That the days of heroism had
passed? How often has my heart swelled
against these imputations, for I will not
believe human nature has sunk so low!
No, I have often told him the diviner parts
of our race have not all died out. We are
still capable, we women, of making sacri-
fices for our country; and our husbands,
father, brothers, sons, are still capable of
dying for it. I could, myself, if the occa-
sion called for it, be, I hope, a second Joan
of Arc. I never loved Henri half so much
as when he came home the other day and
told me that in this crisis of France's fate,
he had determined to offer his sword, and,
if necessary, his life. We can die but
once. What more glorious than to die in
a holy cause?" And the young wife look-
ed sublime as she spoke it.

Natalie had been married but a year or
two. Her beauty, accomplishments and
amability had won for her at eighteen the
heart of the young Count de Tankerville,
the greatest match of the season. Passio-
nately attached to each other, they spent the
hours continually together; they read, they
rode, the did everything in company. The
life they led was more like an idyl than
like a life in modern society and in Paris.
In the midst of this dream of bliss came
the news of the retreat from Moscow. All
Europe rose against France. The Emperor,
beaten back from Dresden to Leipzig, and
from Leipzig to the Rhine, was making a
last desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes
of the nation. It was in this extremity
that the young Count stepped forward.
His father had been a constitutional royal-
ist in the last days of Louis XVI, and the
family had never emigrated; it had never,
on the other hand attached itself to the
fortunes of Napoleon. So long as the great
Emperor pursued his career of conquest, so
long the Tankervilles held aloof from him.
But now, when the question was not Na-
poleon, but the nation, the young Count
felt that the time had come when his coun-
try demanded his services. In view of the
dismemberment of France, what were lands,
houses, life itself? "Save the Nation!"
was the cry that rose to every patriotic lip.
Women brought their jewels, men brought
their lives. Foremost among these were
Henri and his wife.

"Well," said Adele, who was one of
those cold, selfish natures, that could not
understand how anybody could do any-
thing noble or heroic, "I think you and
your husband mad. But go your own
ways."

"I wish you were mad in the same way.
We are mad as Leonidas was mad, as Tell
was mad, as Bruce was mad, as every other
hero was mad who has died for liberty. It
is not now a question of the Emperor. It
is a question of country. It is not whether
Napoleon shall reign, but whether France
shall be dismembered. It is whether that
flag of the nation, that glorious tri-color
which waved at Marengo and Austerlitz
shall be trailed in the dust, or shall still
bring tears to the eyes of Frenchmen, in
foreign lands, floating at the mast head."

We will not dwell on the parting of hus-
band and wife. Natalie bore up heroically.
Not even Lady Russell, when leaving her
lord on the sad morning of his execution,
controlled herself more nobly than did Na-
talie now. But when the door had closed
on Henri, when she heard the clatter of his
horse's feet down the street, then she flung
herself on the bed, and wept as if her heart
were breaking.

edly. In the brightest days of his intellect
he had never been so terrible as now.
Henri was foremost in all these terrible
battles. Once he saved the Emperor's life.
The cross of the legion of honor soon decked
his breast. He received the decoration
from Napoleon's own hand, on the very
day he heard Natalie had presented him
with a son. But the genius of the Em-
peror, and the valor of his troops, were no
avail. Treachery was at work at Paris.
While Napoleon was absent in Champagne,
the capital was surrounded. The Em-
peror was forced to abdicate.

Every one knows what followed. The
Bourbons came back, forgetting nothing, as
was said, and forgiving nothing.
"Ah, my bleeding country," Henri
would cry to his young wife. At another
time he said, "Oh, for one hour by the old
Emperor!"

At last the nation could bear it no longer.
Napoleon landed; the army rose in his
favor; the king fled; a constitution was
proclaimed. Once more the young Count
buckled on his sword.

"Again I say, go," was the wife's heroic
parting, "and again and again. I will stay
at home and pray. I think sometimes it is
harder for women than for men. You have
the excitement of the campaign; but we
only wait and wait from one day to
another; we can only pray and pray
through the sleepless hours of the night.
Do not suppose I say this to keep you
back. Go, may God crown you with vic-
tory, or if not—"

"If not," said her husband interrupting
her, "I will stay upon the battle-field."
Alas! it was a prediction. A few days
later, when the old guard, at the end of
that terrible Waterloo, closed up their ranks,
and to the demand to lay down their arms,
replied, "The Guard dies but never sur-
renders," Henri de Tankerville fighting
with the bravest, and fighting longest almost
of all, sank under a dozen wounds.

Did his wife regret what she had done?
"No," she cried, in answer to the cruel
reproaches of her sister, "I would send
him forth again if I could. I would rather
be a widow a thousand times over," she
added with flashing eyes, "of a soldier who
had died for his country, than the petted
wife of one who had failed France in her
hour of need, for such would be either a
coward or traitor."

Nor did she ever think otherwise. In
after years rich and titled suitors solicited
her hand, but she faithful to the memory of
her lost Henri. Her chief consolation was
to take her child, and showing him the
cross of the legion of honor, which his
father had won in battle, point afterward to
the portrait which hung overhead, and bid
him emulate the heroism and patriotism of
the departed.

"It is a prouder inheritance to you,
darling," she would say, kissing him pas-
sionately, "than if he had left you a throne.
Think how your heart will glow in years to
come, when you see men pointing to you,
and saying: 'His father, too, was one of
the great army.'"

A Ball Against Low-Necked Dresses.

Bishop Timon publishes in the Buffalo
Sentinel a letter addressed "to the honored
and pious Christian women of the diocese,"
upon a subject which he has long refrained
to touch, though pressed apparently by
divine impulse, low-necked dresses. He
discusses at much length upon the modesty
of dress, quoting largely from the Scrip-
tures on the score of morality, and from
the writings of Catharine Beecher, Doctor
Ellis, and others, as respects health, and
proceeds to say:

"But whatever may be the sentiment of
the learned and the wise, on the danger of
low-necked dresses to the health; and what-
ever may be our wishes for the temporal
happiness of the Christian women in our
diocese; and whatever our zeal for the
sacred mission, which women have to cul-
tivate from earliest youth, and form, as only
a mother can, the Christian life and spirit,
in their sons and daughters; yet we dare
not press upon them, in the relations of
society those rules of prudence, when they
or their children prefer to wear fashionable
low-necked dresses in fashionable circles.
But we most earnestly exhort all ladies,
the very young as well as those of more
mature age, not to appear in church, nor
assist at Catholic sacred functions, nor pre-
sent themselves for the reception of the
sacraments, without having the neck,
shoulders, and breast modestly covered.
And we request all pastors of souls, and all
religious ladies engaged in teaching, to use
every possible exertion and influence to see
that this advice be accepted in the spirit of
charity, and of zeal for that which best
pleases God, with which it is offered."

The Bishop trusts that Christian ladies
will receive his advice in the spirit in which
it is given, and directs that the pastors
under his charge touch upon the subject in
their discourses.

JUST CAUSE FOR ANGER.—A German
of the Second Michigan Regiment, in the
hospital at Washington, had his arm ampu-
tated. His description of the sensation he
feels from his fingers which lately belonged
to his left arm causes frequent bursts of
merriment from the other patients in the
ward. "I feel der tings mit min vingers
ven I know use got no vingers der, and it
makes me mad ven I feel der tings all der
time mit my vingers ven mine vingers aint
dare any more shill."

An editor in a country town, who was
warmly pressed during a contest to
give his vote to a certain candidate, replied
that it was impossible, since he had already
promised to vote for the other.
"Oh," said the candidate, "in election
matters, promises, you know, go for no-
thing."
"If that is the case," rejoined the elec-
tor, "I promise you my vote at once."

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